

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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Yvonne Gregory

Baroness Ravensdale, daughter of the late Marquess Curzon

Formerly Lady Mary Irene Curzon, Baroness Ravensdale succeeded to the Barony, by special remainder, on the death of her father in 1925. She is the eldest daughter of the late Marquess Curzon of Kedleston, and is a sister of Lady Alexandra Metcalfe. Lady Ravensdale is extremely interested in all Youth Movements in this country, and a hard worker in their cause. She is chairman of the Cynthia Mosley Day Nursery—named after her younger sister who died in 1933, and of the Highway Clubs of East London. She is vice-president of the National Association of Girls' Clubs, and treasurer of the Musicians' Benevolent Fund. During her visits to Russia before the war, Lady Ravensdale was much impressed by the people's parks, with their children's theatres, opera companies and picture galleries, and she believes that similar advantages should be provided here. To this end she is a determined supporter of the Town and Country Planning Association in their aim for greater dispersal of the arts, and the provision of regional recreation centres



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

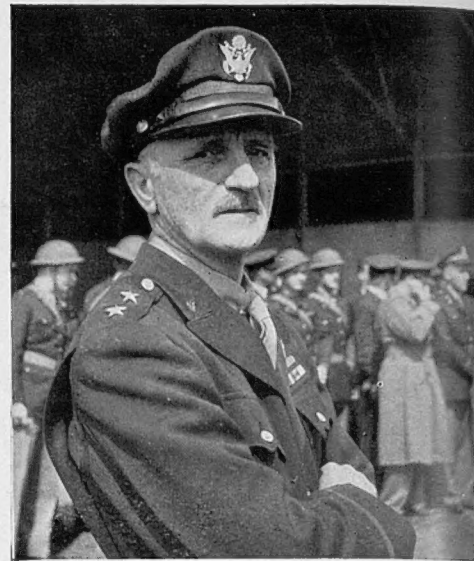
Rommel Strikes

ONCE more Hitler has set the stage of this world war. Obviously he believes that it is for the final scene. All his ambitions are staked on the setting he has ordered. For clearly Rommel's renewed offensive in Egypt must be connected with the German drive across the Caucasus and, maybe, the resignation of Shigenori Togo, the Japanese Foreign Minister. General Tojo, the would-be Hitler of Japan, has taken over the Foreign Office. This may mean that he has agreed to take his place on the German stage by launching an attack in Siberia against the Russians. Viewed in this way Hitler's strategy takes on its most grandiose form. Here is the great gamble to win all or nothing. The Russians have shown a greater resistance than the world ever expected. In spite of his urgent orders to get Suez at all costs, Rommel has failed to make the most of many of his advantages. So Hitler has to call in the Japanese. Up to now evidence has been accumulating that the Japanese were playing their own game, and that there was no real co-ordination between their plans and Hitler's. Indeed, up to a few days ago, there was definite evidence that the Japanese were not contemplating any immediate action in Siberia. This still may prove to be true. The Japanese are cool-headed and calculating. If they do march at Hitler's bidding, the price for Germany will be very heavy. It will be a price which will cut across all Hitler's preconceived plans and racial ideals. We can only assume, however, the urgency of Hitler's needs. In any case, the situation in Japan is more shrouded in political mystification for the outsider than ever before. What is the position of the Emperor, the God of Japan, whose writ is equal to holy law? Have the Nazified sup-

porters of Togo smashed the deity of the Royal House for all time? Undoubtedly the demands of total war have wrought many changes in Japan. The army's grip on the country is as strong as the Nazi Party's is on Germany.

Montgomery Waits

THAT Rommel would strike had been anticipated for some days. Plans had been made by General Montgomery, the new commander of the Eighth Army accordingly. From his caravan in the desert he had been able to establish personal contact with every section of his line; and at the same time it is possible that he was able to revise tactics formerly employed against Rommel. We know that he had more than one heart-to-heart talk with Mr. Churchill, from whom he was certain to draw inspiration as well as understanding. General Wavell, as well as General Auchinleck, must also have given their advice. At the time of writing the situation is obscure, for neither side have reached conclusions with their heaviest armour. We do know that the Eighth Army were not only waiting for the attack, but all ranks were in good heart and full of determination. Those who were with Mr. Churchill in the desert came back to London with heartening stories of the fighting spirits of the Imperial troops. Rommel obviously received reinforcements before launching his attack. But so did the Imperial forces, and after the reorganisation of the command in the Middle East, it seems certain the flow of supplies will be quicker. Once more we must wait and watch the unfolding of this resumed battle for the Suez Canal. No one can doubt the importance it holds for Hitler. It means just as much to us. The Suez Canal is the jugular vein of the British Empire.



Major-General Carl Spaatz

The Commander of the U.S. Army Air Force in Europe learnt to fly in 1915, and served in France in the last war, when he won the American D.F.C. and D.S.C. He was over here as an official observer during the battle of Britain.

Stalin Watches

FROM the Kremlin M. Stalin wages the battle against Hitler's hordes outside Stalingrad. It is an epic battle. But while M. Stalin's heart must beat faster for this great city, his eyes must also be fixed on the Egyptian desert. A victory for Rommel would be a serious blow to the Russians. So the Imperial forces on this front will fight their hardest. It is not a second front, but one of many fronts, on which Britain and her Dominion Allies are fighting with the help of the Americans. The indications are that Mr. Churchill and M. Stalin reviewed the war situation in this light at their recent meeting. The results of their agreement cannot be known yet. I believe that we shall see some military development before very long. But that's only my guess. I express it simply to offset the propaganda of those who proclaim, mostly in private, that nothing was achieved in Moscow. These people say that Mr. Churchill's visit was purely for the purpose of his own political aims. As usual these propagandists are singularly well-informed. But their information cannot have come from Government sources, for Ministers are unanimous in asserting that Mr. Churchill's Moscow visit was highly successful.

Parliament Again

AFTER four weeks' recess Parliament is in session once again. Members of the House of Commons came back eager to hear Mr. Churchill's account of his talks in Moscow and his activities in Cairo. There are still those who are determined to criticise—even the Dieppe raid did not satisfy them—and to repeat their demands for a second front. Even so the debate went well for the Government, for the Prime Minister had an overwhelming show of facts on his side. But this does not mean that Mr. Churchill's position is without political problems. There are several niggling matters on which his critics are certain to make the utmost possible noise. Therefore autumn sittings of the House of Commons will be of vital importance. Having resumed his work in Whitehall, with its hourly contact with every phase of the war on every front, Mr. Churchill is personally and politically confident. He may have some changes in personnel to make in his Ministry, but these will depend on events. Fairly well authenticated rumours that General Sir Archibald Wavell was to be given a high post in Whitehall have been denied.



At the Duke of Kent's Funeral

Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey, Equerry to the King, represented the Duke of Windsor at his brother's funeral. He arrived at St. George's Chapel with Sir Alexander Cadogan, the Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who represented the Civil Service



At an A.T.S. Inspection

Major Alice Sorby (right) with General F. G. Letson, Adjutant-General to the Canadian Forces, inspected an A.T.S. camp. She is the first of the Canadian Women's Army Corps to arrive in England. With her is Mrs. Jean Knox, Chief Comptroller of the A.T.S.



Important Men in the Middle East

General the Hon. Sir Harold Alexander, who succeeded General Auchinleck as C.-in-C., Middle East, has a very fine military record both in this war and the last. With him here is Lieutenant-General Bernard Law Montgomery, who now commands the Eighth Army, formerly commanded by General Ritchie

This does not mean that a significant change of this nature was not contemplated. It may be that General Wavell stated his preference for his work in India.

Woolton's Wonders

THERE is one aspect of Government administration which may produce complaints every day but certainly no abiding criticism. This is the Food Ministry, of which Lord Woolton is the head. He has done a big job very well. People coming from abroad are surprised at the food supplies and the smooth working of the rationing system. Yet Lord Woolton gets few bouquets. He received one the other day, however, from a Russian woman who has lived in this country for some years. She declared that all who live in these islands should be grateful that we are so well fed while there is creeping starvation on the Continent. This woman is right in expressing her astonishment and profound thankfulness that the islands of Great Britain, menaced as they are, should manage to have food at this time. Lord Woolton is the man who must know this more than anybody. He has to plan and place our food in the same way as a general or an admiral plots his strategy. Obviously mistakes must occur, and in this respect I believe the five shilling meal was a blunder. As the scheme is working at the moment, the whole thing is a farce. I am sorry to say that it is a political farce, for clearly Lord Woolton imposed the unworkable restriction for political purposes. The big restaurants charge just the same for their meals, and like the small restaurants, give less food. Therefore the whole scheme works unfairly on almost all who have to feed in public. I am glad Lord Woolton has decided to amend this error.

Welcome Visitors

FIVE Turkish editors have travelled from their home to tour Britain and see how we are faring. Theirs is an important mission, for each of them is influential. Mr. Ernest Thurtle, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Information, was absolutely right when he told them that they could see everything, for we have nothing to hide. This is differing from the experience of the Turkish newspapermen who went to Germany recently. They asked to be allowed to visit Cologne, and

were forbidden. The refusal was given politely, of course, but it had a bad effect on the journalists. They felt that there must be something to hide and probably not only in Cologne. News from Turkey is heartening. There is a good spirit among all the people and the Sarajoglu Government is even more energetic than its predecessor in organising all departments of the State to meet any emergency. Loyalty to the alliance with Britain remains strong in Turkey in spite of extreme pressure from Germany. This pressure is never relaxed, for von Papen is a persistent German who refuses to be rebuffed. Incidentally, Hitler was able to use pressure on Laval to prevent a number of Swiss journalists coming to this country on an official visit. In this case persistent pressure was not necessary. On the first request from Hitler, Laval refused to give



Johnson, Oxford

Fishing for Aircraft

At a garden fete at his home, The Priory, Burford, Oxfordshire, during Burford's Aircraft Week, Sir Archibald Southby, M.P. for Epsom, took part in a fishing competition, with a bottle of beer as the prize. Burford raised over £23,300 during the week



Mrs. Churchill at a Red Cross Meeting

Mrs. Winston Churchill sat between Lord Southwood and Lord Iliffe at a mass gathering of Red Cross and St. John workers at the Central Hall, when Sir Philip Chetwode expressed the thanks of the executive committee, of which he is chairman. Lord Southwood is chairman of the Hospital for Sick Children and president of the Middlesex Voluntary Hospitals Association, and Lord Iliffe is chairman of the Red Cross and St. John War Organisation's publicity department

the Swiss travellers a visa to cross France. Hitler could not have done this in Turkey.

Gossipers Denounced

IN the report presented to Parliament by a Committee under the Chairmanship of Miss Violet Markham, conditions in the Women's Auxiliary Services are examined. The House of Commons decided to set up this Committee after there had been allegations about the immorality in these services. After five months' hard work, Miss Markham's Committee declares that virtue has no gossip value. She denounces the scandal-mongers who started the lurid stories and asserts that they are false and fantastic. She and her colleagues have been amazed at the discretion of comparatively young girls who have been called upon to fulfil highly secret tasks. They have never divulged their secrets, even to their families. To those girls who have had to rough it in camps and billets with less thrilling duties to perform, there is tribute in the report to their capacity and endurance. Miss Markham was fully entitled to preside over this investigation for she was secretary to a similar committee which went to France in 1918, to investigate allegations of immorality in the Waacs of that day. The Committee have done good work in tracing complaints and suggesting improvements in the conditions prevailing in the camps. To avoid repetition of these complaints, the Committee emphasised the necessity of periodical and unexpected inspections of camps where the girls are serving.

Royal Birthday

QUEEN Wilhelmina of the Netherlands has celebrated her sixty-second birthday—in exile. No monarch in such circumstances has ever received such tributes of affection and loyalty as she did. In the Albert Hall she received her countrymen and women at a monster party. There was no court-like formality but great joyousness was expressed by all in the dignity of the Queen, who in her advancing years, had travelled to and fro across the Atlantic in an aeroplane. Her purpose was to see her daughter and her grandchildren, as well as to see President Roosevelt and the statesmen of Canada. Having done this, she returned to this country for she feels that here she is in her rightful place at the head of all fighting Dutchmen who are determined to regain their country from its present Nazi occupiers.

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Custom Can Stale

By James Agate

Is there a book entitled *Guide to Blind Film-goers*? I am not speaking of those multitudinous magazines which tell you with gloating detail all the open secrets of the film-stars' careers, where they were born, how many times they were divorced, how many dollars they pretend to earn, and what they are going to do when their public retires from them. No, the book I mean would be a straightforward study of filmology containing a classification of the most popular types of picture. These, the student would spell out in braille, would be divided into three main groups—the war film, the domestic film, and the crook film. He would read who excels in each of these departments and what he sounds like, so that he could recognise by ear say John Wayne in the first category, Walter Pidgeon in the second, and Humphrey Bogart in the third.

A MAN lacking all five senses would still have no difficulty with *Larceny Inc.* (Warners), which is pure crook film from start to finish. It even includes two species of crooks, the comic and slapstick type, and the morose and sinister kind. A crook in the second category appears in a hushed atmosphere; the others shudder, they are frightened of him, and terrified of the violence, murder probably, written in his every gesture. The story of the present film is founded on the revenge of one of this type. We see him first in Sing-Sing, a retreat which maiden ladies of good repute are getting to know better than the back of their hand. An orgy of that, to me, completely incomprehensible game called baseball is in progress; the prisoners are so well in flesh as to suggest an unhappy comparison between war rationing and prison diet.

THIS picture caters for all tastes. It begins with farce, goes on to knockabout, has an episode of near-tragedy, and ends again in the region of the wholly and wildly improbable. It centres round three merry crooks and a saturnine one, who in the Guide above mentioned, would fit automatically into the

gangster category. The merry crooks comprise "Pressure" Maxwell, a man of grand ideas who in the past has done great things with slot-machines, dog-race tracks and what not, and a large brainless creature known as Jug Martin. When this pair started walking down the street after their release I thought we were in for a re-telling of that better film—*Of Mice and Men*. But no: they encounter another old pal, a stout gentleman called Weepy Davis, and henceforth they become Three Musketeers of the Underworld, always under the leadership of the resolute and cocksure Pressure. Jug and Weepy are small-minded crooks, content with such chicken-feed as getting knocked down by passing cars, and knocking off things from counters. But it is they who do the work: Pressure directs and takes the profits, having perhaps read the work of Karl Marx and learnt the secret of capitalism.

THEN the terrible Leo appears. Cretins born blind, deaf, dumb, without arms and with one leg only would know how Pressure steals Leo's prison-conceived idea and battens on it. I confess my confidence in Pressure was shaken when I saw how terribly afraid he and his brother Musketeers were of the vengeful little rat, how sweat poured from their brows, how their hands shook and their very feet quaked. Much as Athos and Porthos would have felt if they had double-crossed Aramis.

BUT the cloud lifts and it is all great fun and first-class entertainment. The story may be childish: but does the cinema ever cater for intelligences above the age of, say, fourteen? (Answer: Yes, in *Citizen Kane*, where you are presumed to be so adult that you read symbolism into a black pudding.) The situations are so impossible that one ceases to relate the incidents to anything in real life: but it all goes with such a swing that one accepts these fantastic creatures, laughs, and leaves the picture house in the best of tempers. Let me congratulate the authors, arrangers and all the other cooks and bottle-washers, on a story

which throughout is excellent cinema. Whether it is "cinematic" it is not for the vulgar, unaesthetic, male critic to decide. The dialogue is brilliantly economical: this sort of Hollywood wit has the crackle of stage thunder.

AND the acting is superb. Nothing could be better in this kind than Edward G. Robinson's performance as Pressure, his calm insouciance, his un baffled and unblushing cheek. A master-crook in every sense of the word till cornered: and then, like a man who, being knocked down, gets up again, he brushes the dust off his clothes and walks away, once more cock of the walk. Broderick Crawford as Jug is good, but that rich comedian Edward Brophy is even better: his slinky bonhomie, that unctuous and villainous grin, are a perpetual delight. And as the macabre crook Leo, Anthony Quinn gives a first-class performance. The two females in the story are unimportant, and Jane Wyman and Barbara Jo Allen make the most of their happily infrequent appearances.

IN the theatre I allow no playwright to re-tell me that one about the beautiful girl who sprains her ankle and is carried into a country cottage in time to prevent the good-looking cad in tennis flannels from blowing out his brains. The author can tell the story; I go to sleep until it is over. In the theatre I have observed this rule for the last ten years. I hereby give notice that henceforth I allow no film producer to tell me again that old one about the momentarily disgruntled wife who runs into a nice young man in the Pullman car, finds herself swept on to his yacht, and doesn't misbehave for the reason that nobody can make love and be seasick at the same time. When this film unrolls itself I go to sleep. I don't care who directed *Palm Beach Story* (Plaza). I don't care whether he made the camera man look down on Vallee and Colbert from the top of the yacht's funnel or keek up at them from the stoke-hole. I just don't want ever again to see Claudette in two minds about two men whatever the directing angle. Cannot somebody, somewhere, think of some other subject for this quite good actress? But that's only my personal low view. The highbrow critics will certainly hail this film as Preston Sturges's equivalent to the polychromaticism of a Bach fugue.



Edward G. Robinson in a Crook Comedy "Larceny Inc." at Warners

Released from Sing-Sing, Pressure and Jug join forces with Weepy Davis. They propose to rob a bank, and in order to tunnel their way through to the vaults buy a small leather shop adjoining. (Edward Brophy as Weepy, Edward G. Robinson as Pressure, Harry Davenport as old Homer Bigelow, the owner of the shop, and Broderick Crawford as Jug)



Sing-Sing associates seek to chisel-in on their old companions' plans. Leo Dexter is an unscrupulous criminal who takes over control of the gang's resources. Mixed with murder there is slapstick and comedy. It is "excellent cinema," says James Agate above. (Edward G. Robinson as Father "Pressure" Christmas, Anthony Quinn as Leo, and Edward Brophy)



The Spitfire in Embryo

Fred Daniels

As R. J. Mitchell, the man who designed the Spitfire, Leslie Howard gives one of the finest performances of his film career in *The First of the Few*. The film is a faithful and sensitive representation of the man whose brain conceived the fastest and most formidable fighter in the world. Faithfully to portray that man to the many thousands of men and women who are already fully conscious of the debt they owe to him and to the work of his brain, was a task which might have overwhelmed a lesser artist. Before shooting of the film commenced, Leslie Howard spent weeks on location at a Fighter Station absorbing the atmosphere and learning to know the men in whose hands the Spitfire was the means of stemming the flood of Nazi ambition. Mr. Howard made his first appearance on the stage in 1917 after being discharged from the Army. He commenced his film career in 1930. He has written a play which was produced at the Ambassadors in 1928; he was co-director of the film *Pygmalion*; and in this, his latest achievement, now at Leicester Square Theatre, he fulfils the triple obligations of producer, director, and star

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

Escort (Lyric)

THE west end of Shaftesbury Avenue has made a corner in war plays, and established a kind of unified command. Its three contingent theatres—the Globe, the Apollo, and the Lyric—are now the battle headquarters of Mr. Emlyn Williams's blitzed civilians, Terence Rattigan's delightful airmen, and the Royal Navy, respectively. *Escort*, the latest comer, is a vigorously heroic, impenitently theatrical, drama of the sea. Its single scene is the wardroom of one of His Majesty's armed merchant cruisers, and its eighteen characters are all seamen. It opens somewhat garrulously, and closes gloriously.

Were it to be judged purely as a work of dramatic art, not by twelve good playgoers and true, but by a jury of callous aesthetes, I wonder whether its ingenious author, Sir Patrick Hastings, would prefer to be briefed for the prosecution or the defence? An irrelevant speculation, perhaps, worthy of that inquisitive tease, Miss Rosa Dartle; for so expert an advocate as Sir Patrick could doubtless present as persuasive a case for as against. And, indeed, there is much to be said for both.

ON the rise of the curtain, the persiflage that blows like a prevailing wind through the wardroom is misleading. It is but the tuning up, so to speak, of an exuberant writer. And although it continues until the plot begins to assert itself and the ship is under way, it does not prevent an officer here and there, and now and then, from speaking like a hero and behaving like a man. So that if, on first acquaintance, these Lieutenants R.N.V.R. seem less potential sea dogs than confirmed sea puppies, who have a verbal quid for every quo, and rattle away like prep school prefects or the minor wits of old comedy, much of the banter is blithe and witty, and the exigencies of the Service soon mature them.

Granted, too, that the spy fever, which lends incidental excitement to routine, is wholeheartedly theatrical, and seems to smack less of modern warfare than of ancient Drury, that is part of the game. Moreover, the general vigour of the play's invention is indisputable; its navigation, once the plot reaches open water, is beautifully bold; and when the action reaches its crisis, and the denouement is ripe for release, the stage effects are thrilling.

The author does not believe in deliberately confusing the issue; and the detective-witted playgoer will have no difficulty in flattering himself that he suspected from the first the dubious character of that wireless officer who joins his ship a day late, and proffers such glib excuses for being overdue. Nor do the subsequent suspicions and deductions of Lieutenant Hawkins, who was a policeman in civil life, lose anything of their stolid humour in the experienced hands of Mr. Michael Shepley.

The openly "unannounced" visit of inspection by the admiral steadies the wardroom prattle, proves the ship's good discipline, and launches the plot. Thereafter the talk is as purposeful as the deeds, the action brisk, and the progress of events cumulatively exciting. The various narrative threads are all neatly woven into an heroic pattern that reserves its bravest colours and altruistic emotions for the last act. Into this the producer puts his best effects and the dramatist his most moving passages.

THE detection and arrest of the spy-saboteur, and the chase and destruction of the German submarine are well-contrived excitements. And with the salvage of three Germans—the submarine's captain, a Gestapo officer who is nobody's friend, and an uncouth sailor—the tension increases, and the way is clear for the mechanics of melodrama to enhance the



The phony wireless officer is exposed as a spy, thanks to good snooping on the part of the ex-policeman, H.O. Lieutenant (Barry Morse, Michael Shepley)

heroics of sound drama. Only bigoted navigators will quibble over the producer's tact in minimising the roll of the ship in heavy weather, though "poor sailors" may, for a moment or so, suspect a slight attack of vertigo as the charts swing and the seamen dutifully sway.

The three rescued Germans are convincingly represented. Neither the dramatist nor Mr. Erich Freund's uncompromising performance do anything to discourage our acute dislike of the Gestapo officer. Mr. Maurice Braddell presents the submarine captain as a not dishonourable foe. And while a certain anonymity continues to haunt the R.N.V.R. personnel, Mr. Barry Morse is properly fanatical as the internecine spy; Mr. Charles Mortimer carries off the admiral's gold braid with genial bravura, and Mr. John Stuart invests the English captain with R.N. virtues and his own distinction. And when the heavier armed German ships are within range, and the order is given to "down screens," and the guns bark, the Beatty touch is felt. The curtain descends on a blaze of thunder and self-sacrificial glory that is as admirably histrionic as movingly heroic.

Below: Orders of the day are discussed in the wardroom (Edmund Gray, Thorley Walters, Anthony Pendrell)



The captain of the mystery merchant cruiser, with No. 1 at his side, is handed his sealed orders by the Vice-Admiral who arrives on a "surprise" visit of inspection (Julien Mitchell, John Stuart, Charles Mortimer)



Sketches by Tom Titt

"Men in Shadow"

A Thriller Which Tells of the Underground Movement in France



Lew: "Hang on a bit longer if you can, old boy; we'll soon have you fixed up"

A British airman, Mordan, is badly injured baling out from his blazing aircraft. An old French peasant, Cherie, the only woman in the play, sets the boy's legs (Robert Wilton, Hubert Gregg, Ralph Michael, John Mills, Alice Gachet)

Men in Shadow, produced by John Mills and Bernard Miles, is at the Vaudeville Theatre. Written by Mary Hayley Bell (John Mills's wife), it tells the story of the adventures of some British airmen brought down over Occupied France. Joining forces with French patriots, they organise an underground movement to sabotage the efforts of the enemy. The chief role of Lew is played by John Mills, the young British actor, whose magnificent performance in *Of Mice and Men* will long be remembered by everyone who saw the play



Lew: "Now you're going to stop gassing, drink your coffee and go to sleep"

Mordan's legs are set. Cherie brings hot coffee for the boys and orders no more talking for the patient (Ralph Michael, John Mills)



A Nazi has been killed. German soldiers are threatened with death if his assailant is not found. At first Lew, faced with certain discovery, decides to kill while he can. A moment later, a more subtle plan comes to him (John Mills)

Photographs by Swarbrick Studios



Nazi: "Get rid of this man. Next time I will shoot him if I see him again"

Lew's moment has come. There is madness in his eyes, not murder. Success means safety; failure death. Which? (Frederick Berger, John Mills)



Sir Leighton and Lady Seager *Lennox*

Captain Sir Leighton Seager, Deputy Lieutenant and a former High Sheriff of Monmouthshire, is Welfare Officer for the County, and his wife looks after the welfare of women in the A.T.S., of which she is a Junior Commander. They have made their home, Bryn Ivor Hall, a rest centre



Hay Wrightson

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Hughes-Reckitt

Lieut.-Colonel Brian Holland Hughes-Reckitt, the Queen's Royal Regiment, and his wife hold equivalent ranks in the Army and the A.T.S. She is a Chief Commander, and raised the Essex branch of the A.T.S. before the war. The Hughes-Reckitts were married in 1925, and live at The Priory, Writtle, Essex



Lieut. and the Hon. Mrs. de Levigne

The Hon. Angela Greenwood, elder daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Greenwood, married Lieutenant Edward Dudley de Levigne in 1937. Lieutenant de Levigne is in the Royal Fusiliers, and he and his wife have two children, a son and a daughter, and live at Cheam, Surrey

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Court Mourning

THE deep shadow cast by the sudden death of the Duke of Kent will take a long time to pass, for he was a man with many friends. In these days of few, if any, entertainments on the grand scale, the four weeks of Court mourning ordered by his Majesty for his brother have little outward effect on the social round, but everywhere—in the clubs, in Service messes and wardrooms, over the dinner-table—the sad, but glorious end of the young, handsome Prince has been the dominant topic, and the deep feelings and heartfelt sympathy of everyone have been moved by the grief of his young widow. To those who would minimise the affair because, as they truly say, so many thousands of other homes are being bereaved week by week, it seems right to point out that the Duke could so easily, had he wished, have found himself a safe job in any one of the Ministries where he would have been free from such risks. It was at his own request that he was transferred from the office of Chief Welfare Officer of Training Command to the more active duties of the Inspectorate-General's Department, so that he might have the opportunity of coming into frequent contact with the men on active service.

Close Friends

I UNDERSTAND that it was only by a supreme effort of will that the Duchess was able to attend the funeral service at St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, so overcome has she been with grief. Few people, outside the royal circle, realise how close was the bond between the royal couple, who were, in fact, absolutely devoted to each other.

The Duchess is spending the days quietly in seclusion at The Coppins with her three young children. In her sorrow, she has found time to send messages to the Hon. Mrs. Michael Strutt, whose husband accompanied the Duke, making his first trip as Air Equerry to H.R.H., and to the Hon. Mrs. John Lowther, wife of the Duke's secretary who was also killed. Relations between the Duke and Duchess and the Lowthers were much closer than the usual formal relationship between a man and his secretary. Music, in which they both had a deep and almost passionate interest, was one of the many subjects which drew the Duke and the young heir to Viscount Ullswater together, and the Duke was best man when his secretary married Priscilla Lambert, a member of the ancient Dick-Cunyngham family. The wedding was a lavish affair at the Temple, and afterwards the Duke and Duchess and most of the other guests went on to the Coronation Garden Party at Buckingham Palace.

The Simple Life

THE simple life is the life most of us lead nowadays. Mrs. James Forbes has transferred herself from London to a five-roomed country cottage at Brooksby (Lord Beatty's place near Melton), which she has named Castle Forbes. Lady Beatty, who is a hard and energetic worker at the Washington Club, had to make a hurried trip to Brooksby recently when her elder boy Billy (by a former marriage) met with an accident when riding his bicycle. He dashed out of the gates at top speed and ran into a passing car, with the result that he has concussion and will have to take things very quietly in hospital at Melton for a while. Billy and his brother, Harry, have a five-roomed cottage very like Mrs. James Forbes's, also on the estate, but it is often deserted in favour of camping. They camp out whenever possible and spend their days cycling, shooting and swimming in the river or bathing-pool. Juanita Forbes is their constant companion. Sometimes they amuse themselves playing croquet, and in this Mrs. Forbes

joins. Her eldest son, Hamish, who is in the Welsh Guards, is now a prisoner of war in Germany. He is very artistic and spends much of his time painting. From a recent letter, it seems as if he is now painting scenery in the camp to liven things up a little.

Another who is enjoying country life just now is Mrs. Richard Jessel, who is at White's House, Goudhurst, with her son, Robin. Mrs. Jessel is an energetic worker for the Red Cross and St. John War Organisation. Recently a photograph of her in uniform with her son was published in *The Tatler and Bystander*, and through the carelessness of a photographer, wrongly described as a picture of the Hon. Mrs. John Bethell, also a Red Cross worker. Our apologies are offered to both Mrs. Jessel and Mrs. Bethell.

American Nurses' Club

MANY of those present when Colonel Hanley, the Surgeon-General to the E.T.O.U.S.A., opened the new American Army Nurses' Club in Charles Street must have wished that they themselves were nurses, and could qualify for all the wonderful amenities which the Club offers to members. It is an American Club for Americans, with Mrs. Drexel Biddle heading the workers, who include Mrs. Jack Treadwell (the former Miss Susan Vanderpool Ord, of New York), Lady Jersey, Lady Goulding, Mrs. George Pryde, Miss Mary Dodds and Miss Eleanor Ungerland. Nurses can stay at the Club (which has extra sleeping accommodation in five other Charles Street houses, and can accommodate three hundred), and from September 15th U.S. officers will be able to get meals in the restaurant, and will be allowed into other rooms in the club in the late afternoons and evenings, when informal "get-togethers" will be arranged.

There was a big crowd for the opening ceremony. Mrs. Churchill, wearing her decorative head-band of white chenille-spotted net, spoke into the microphone; so did Mrs. Drexel Biddle, who, during her speech, interviewed three U.S. nurses, including their chief, Captain Aaron. The ceremony took place in what used to be the drawing-room of Lord Essendon's house, now one with the adjoining room in the next house, at one time the residence of Mrs. Reggie Winn. It was a hot day, so the grand buffet with its iced coffee was packed and dozens of Coca Cola were being drunk in true American fashion—through straws straight from the bottle.

People There

GUESTS were a representative gathering of the American colony and Forces over here and of Britain. Mr. Richard Allen, vice-chairman of the entire U.S. Red Cross, was there; so were Lady Limerick, Lady Louis Mountbatten, Air Marshal Peck, Colonel Spruit, of the U.S. Army, Admiral Kirk, U.S. Navy, Air Commandant Trefusis-Forbes, Chief Controller Jean Knox, General Lawson, from the War Office, Mr. A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Hope, of the British Red Cross, Sir Philip Chetwode, Lady Carlisle, Mr. Quentin Reynolds, Lady Ward and Mrs. Randolph Churchill. Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Cochran were sitting at a small table; Lady Jersey, the former film actress Virginia Cherrill, was in the becoming grey of the U.S.A. Red Cross (she wore a Polish badge on it, and said she was a Polish "mother"), and Sir John Kennedy with his wife, very smart in a royal blue jacket over black, moved round together.

Goings On

IN a London restaurant last week I saw Lady Ravensdale with Miss Mary Newcomb (Mrs. Higginson), and a party which included Miss Dorothy Black, the actress, who has abandoned the stage in favour of Council work



Edinburgh Christening

Ian William Stronach Forbes, baby son of Major and Mrs. William Forbes, was christened at St. Margaret's Chapel, Edinburgh Castle. Major Forbes, a grandson of the late Lieut.-Colonel Forbes of Rothiemay, is in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders



Henry Rowland Timothy Compton is Christened

This group was taken at the christening at Pagham Parish Church of the son of Lieutenant Charles Compton, R.N., and Mrs. Compton. The baby was given the names of Henry Rowland Timothy. In the picture are Pilot Officer J. McCa. Rank (uncle), Mrs. David P. Thomson (godmother), Mrs. Rowland Rank (grandmother), Mrs. Charles Compton with the baby, Canon J. Fowler, Miss Compton (great aunt), Mr. Hugh Compton (uncle), and Lieutenant David P. Thomson. Lieutenant Compton was unable to be present

for the duration, Mrs. David Livingstone-Learmonth and Miss Beatrice Home, sister of Mr. Percy Home, journalist and painter. The Marquise de Casa Maury, always energetic, looked fetching in a little folded crown of a red hat, and Mrs. Simon Marks's curls bobbed beneath the hat of her nursing uniform.

Talented Firemen

FIREMEN artists have followed up last year's successful exhibition of their paintings with another, which was opened at the Royal Academy by Admiral Sir Edward Evans, of the Broke. Fire staff chiefs attended the opening, and the exhibition (to which admission is free, but there are collecting boxes, and the pictures are, of course, for sale) is in aid of the London Fire Service Benevolent Fund.

Sir Walter W. Russell, C.V.O., R.A., Mr. T. C. Dugdale, A.R.A., R.P., and Mr. J. B.

Manson, selected the pictures, many of which are striking and interesting. Fire scenes predominate; St. Paul's once more looms through lurid flames, blazing docks are reflected effectively in the Thames, and there is a graphic rendering by Reginald Mills of the tragic incident at Moorfields when five men were trapped by falling buildings—and although they did manage to escape through flames, their injuries were too severe for them to continue in the service.

Around Town

IN Hyde Park I met Miss Dorothy Dickson, walking in the brilliant sunshine and carrying a lovely sheaf of gladioli, those bright, fleshy flowers which, like dahlias, suggest the first voluptuous prelude to decay of autumn. On Primrose Hill Mrs. Peter Quennell wheeled her uncommonly alert-looking, four-months-old daughter. She (the mother) had just had a

letter from Lady Petre, whose son is still very young indeed. Lord Moore, and Leslie Hurry, the painter, prowled London on the same morning; and that night Mr. Gordon Anthony, the photographer, and brother of Miss Ninette de Valois, who was on leave from the R.A.F., danced at the Normandie with Miss Viola Johnstone, who is a member of the Macbeth company.

Mr. Fraser was with one of his pretty and attractive daughters, Miss Sheila Fraser, who is an actress, and has lately been working for the B.B.C. Her sister, Miss Moyra Fraser, is a notable member of the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company. She is very slim, and exceptionally tall for a ballet dancer: lovely as Sabrina in *Comus*, and as the Queen of the Willis in *Giselle*. An ex-member of the Sadler's Wells Company, who had a baby this summer, is Mrs. Bobbie Jenkinson, formerly Miss Gwyneth Matthews.

(Concluded on page 344)



Mr. and Mrs. J. O. N. Lawrence D. R. Stuart

Mr. John Owen Napier Lawrence, youngest son of Sir Henry and Lady Lawrence, of Greenheys, Boars Hill, Oxford, and Miss Prudence Helen Wyatt, daughter of Mr. G. E. Wyatt, of Knighton's Lodge, Dunsfold, Surrey, were married at Oxford. Mr. Lawrence was in the R.A.F. but had a bad crash last year, and is now doing munition work



A Young Actress's Wedding

Glynis Johns, the young stage and film actress, was married recently at Caxton Hall to Lieutenant Forwood, Royal Artillery. She first met her husband with Michael Wilding, who played with her in "Quiet Week-End." Lady Peel (Beatrice Lillie) was a wedding guest, and was photographed with the bride and bridegroom after the ceremony

"Wild Rose" at Princes

The Fairy Story of Cinderella and Her Prince
Charming Retold in a New Way



Penniless and alone, Sally (who is really Cinderella in another guise) arrives in New York and is befriended by a waiter—not a real waiter, of course, but an Archduke suffering from the effects of youthful folly (Jessie Matthews, Richard Hearne)

For his latest success at the Princes Theatre, Mr. Firth Shephard has reclaimed one of the oldest stories in the world—the story of the penniless little orphan whose dreams came true. With Jessie Matthews as his Cinderella and Frank Leighton as Prince Charming, the story has all the essential ingredients of fairytale romance. Add to this the delicious clownery of Richard Hearne, [the bewitching music of Jerome Kern, and all the magnificence of a Robert Nesbitt production set in the New York of Diamond Jim Brady and Lillian Russell, of Dana Gibson's American beauties, of paradise plumes and easy money, and you have an entertainment which should long draw delighted audiences who seek a couple of hours' respite from war and news of war

The Ballet, in which Sally Dances with Her Prince Charming



Maxie, the waiter, once more clad in the colourful uniform to which he is entitled by reason of his high birth, is encouraged by his admiring host, Diamond Jim Brady, and too much champagne, to demonstrate the students' "passing-out" ceremony popular in his country

Photographs by Swarbrick Studios



Maxie Does an Impersonation Act

Circumstances force Maxie against his better judgment to impersonate Captain Janssen, famous animal trainer, in his act with Tarzan, the wonder chimpanzee (Richard Hearne)



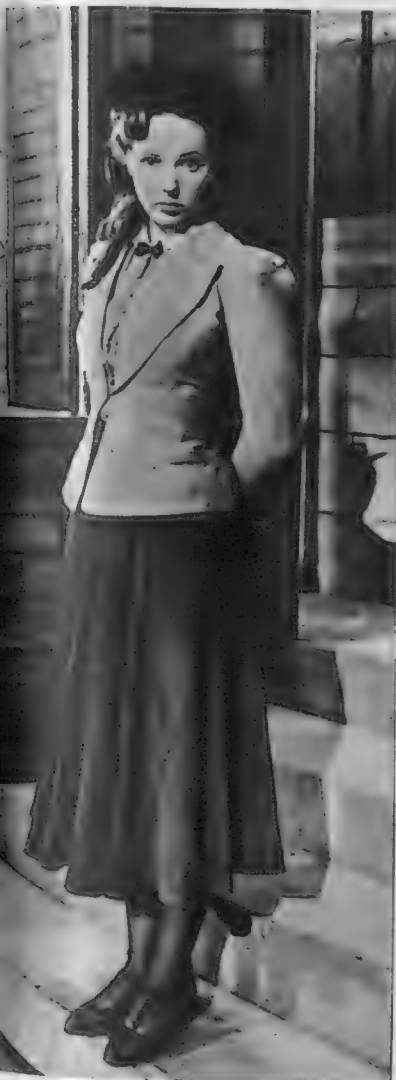
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Because all fairy-stories must have a happy-ever-after ending for all concerned, a triple wedding at "The Little Church Round the Corner" is the grand finale. The bride and groom here are Diamond Jim Brady and Lillian Russell (Jack Morrison, Linda Gray)

Another bride and groom (though not, as yet, in their wedding finery) are the theatrical agent and his secretary. It is Sally's personal success, with its consequent financial gains to her agent, which enables these two to name the happy day (Andre Randall, Elsie Percival)

Speciality dancers in the style of the early century are Moran and Elof. They help to create the atmosphere of forty years ago, when musical shows were more strongly flavoured with vaudeville than they are to-day



Sally the Kitchen Maid, Sally the Star, and Sally the Bride

Dreams begin to come true when she hears the cheers of her admirers after her first performance, which takes New York by storm

And, finally, the happy-ever-after ending. The pathetic figure of Maxie, the suitor who lost, is seen in the background (Richard Hearne, Frank Leighton, Jessie Matthews)

The arrival of the starving little orphan in New York finds our Cinderella doomed once more to dish-washing

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

ONE cocktail too many at a party, apparently, caused Dr. Karl Böhmer, of the German Propaganda Ministry, to boast to foreign Press correspondents last May that by the end of June he would be sitting in Leningrad. For this indiscretion the Doctor only just escaped being officially shot, and has now died, we observe, as a lieutenant before Kharkov.

Often, passing that former Embassy in Carlton House Terrace which Frau Ribbentrop decorated with such repulsive elegance at the expense of the Herrenvolk, we wonder how many flying hints like this were dropped at some of Ribbentrop's evening parties and utterly lost, because Ribbentrop's guests either (a) thought those charming Germans were just being funny or (b) were too cockeyed to take anything in. One little drink can make all the difference, as Dr. Böhmer discovered. Wasn't it Danton who overheard something odd at a dinnerparty at Arcis when the boys were all lit and jolly, slipped out, found a list in somebody's greatcoat pocket in the hall with his name on it, and rode hell-for-leather for Paris just in time to give them the works?

You will say (how like you!) that the best people never get cockeyed anyway. How right you are. The best people, so far as we know, were never represented at Ribbentrop's parties.

Metamorphosis

STILL puzzling over Sir Max Beerbohm's revelation, at his recent 70th birthday celebrations, that down in Abinger (Surrey) he is known as "Gaffer Beerbohm," we now incline to think the war is responsible.

Wiping away an unbidden tear with a horny fist, shuffling thick boots clogged with Surrey loam, Gaffer Beerbohm's bulky tweedclad torso, a chap who was present tells us, was a picture of rugged emotion. Fair bearded, we be. Fair duntled. A hem ornary ole set-out altogether, it seems to us, thinking of a golden unforgettable afternoon a few years ago in a villa near Rapallo and a slim, elegant, black-sombroed figure, most charming of hosts, lounging on the roof-terrace overlooking the turquoise Mediterranean, sipping Chianti and discoursing with graceful wit on everything on earth.

Maybe the Rapallo period was Sir Max's chrysalis-stage. Under that veneer of exquisitely civilised urbanity the essential Beerbohm, the complete hayseed, was probably struggling with his bonds. "Gorm you" and "Zookers" may have trembled on his lips as he displayed those literary treasures, including the famous alleged dedication in Queen Victoria's handwriting of

Leaves from the Highlands to her dear Max. It took World War II. to release latent gafferdom, and to-day, surrounded by rhododendrons, stock-brokers, and other Surrey flora and fauna, the Gaffer chews his straw in beatitude. And it's still our feeling that every straw is hand-picked, silver-paper-wrapped, and selected with fastidious care from a Renaissance cabinet of Venetian niello-work.

Visitor

BRAZIL's entry into the war reminds us that Ahasuerus, the Wandering Jew, was last seen at Para, in that country, in the 1920's (if it interests you). His last appearance in London was in the 1820's or thereabouts.

This legend, sprung from a 17th-century Dutch pamphlet and conjectured by the *Enc. Britt.* to be a Calvinist myth, is odd to us chiefly because of one or two extremely odd places the Jew has been seen



"All I can make of it is
'Second Front Now!'"

in. One can understand his slinking at nightfall round Paris, Vienna, Prague, Brussels and Leipzig, but what the devil was that strange bearded figure doing in Stamford (1658) or Newcastle-on-Tyne (1790), or, if it comes to that, Salt Lake City (1868)? In each case he was spoken to by apparently sober citizens. He didn't say what date he was keeping, if any, and what sort of a date could you keep in Newcastle anyway?

Footnote

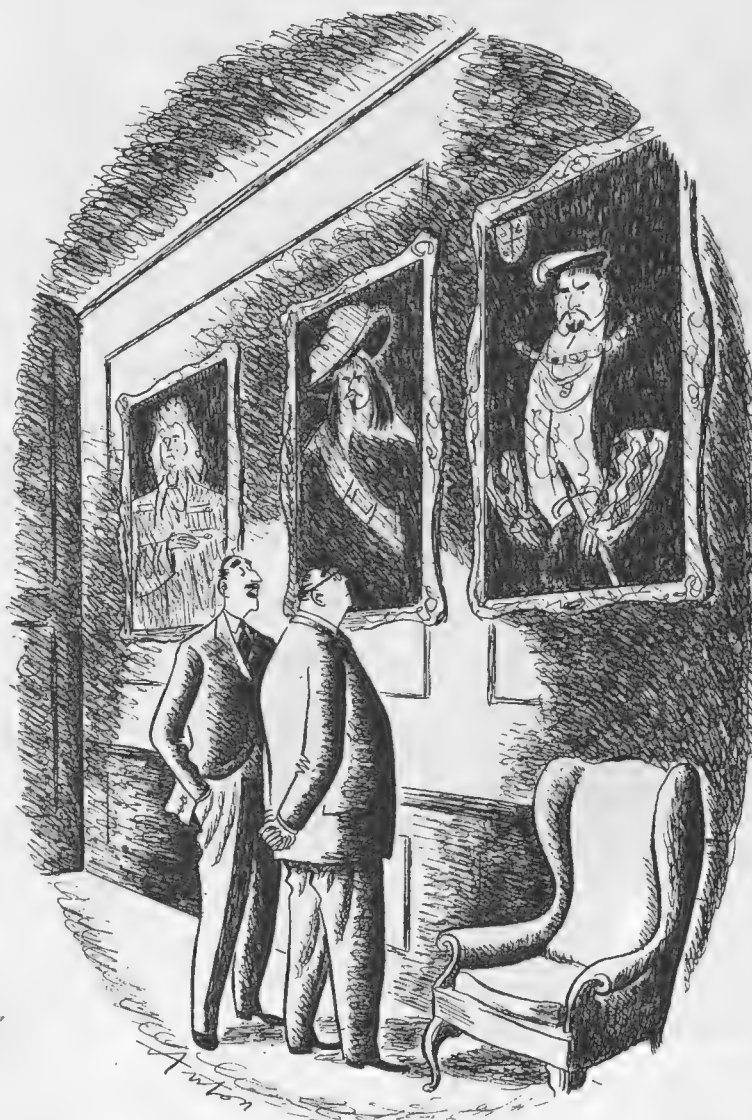
THE 17th century, when it all began, was rather a cuckoo period with the Island Race. In 1614 two hayseeds and "a widow-woman living near Faygate" swore on oath they had seen a fearful bloated dragon in St. Leonard's Forest, Sussex, devouring men and cattle, and described it minutely. Our feeling is that the reign of good Queen Bess, so full of nerves, cruelty and terror, gave the Race the willies for half a century at least. Most chaps to-day, if such a story bobbed up, would realise there was some publicity-ramp behind it, a new pill, most likely. They hadn't much progress to fall back on then, poor dopes.

Doom

THOSE little buddies of the Boche, Mistinguett, Sacha Guitry, Maurice Chevalier, and Georges Carpentier are high on the black list, it seems, for trial in due course by the French "Underground" movement, which is assuming such formidable dimensions as France awaits the day.

This will be the first time that sweetheart Mistinguett has been involved in political trouble since the Revolution of 1793, unless we err. Sacha Guitry got in on the ground-floor with the Boche immediately Paris fell; maybe the fleshpots of Maxim's explain his case. Maurice Chevalier and Carpentier held out like patriots for a little time, then shrugged, probably, and

(Concluded on page 334)



"The 7th Baron never did anything memorable—but he does cover up a bad patch of dry rot in the panelling"



Miss Valerie Taylor

Joins the Cast of "Watch on the Rhine"

John Vickers

With Miss Judy Campbell's departure from the Aldwych to join Noel Coward in his *Play Parade* tour of provincial cities, the part of Marthe, the American girl unhappily married off by an over-ambitious mother to the villain of the play, has been taken over by Valerie Taylor. In so doing, Miss Taylor has joined a distinguished company, headed by Miss Diana Wynyard, Mr. Anton Walbrook and Miss Athene Seyler, in one of the war's most brilliant plays. Miss Taylor was specially rehearsed for her part by the play's producer, Mr. Emlyn Williams, and in one week of intensive work was able to complete a task which in the ordinary way takes a month to six weeks. Her last stage appearance was in *Skylark*, in which she appeared with her husband, Hugh Sinclair. Mr. Sinclair will also be seen on the London stage again very shortly. He is at the moment rehearsing with Nova Pilbeam in *Claudia*, a production due to come to the West End in mid-September.

Standing By ...

(Continued)

murmuring "*Faut vivre*," succumbed. On the day of reckoning French irony is likely, if we know that people, to allow one tremendous farewell performance in the dock and consign them to oblivion. It's obviously out of the question to shoot these puppets.

Chance

ONLY two wellknown booksy boys are on the list so far, we observe—Marcel Pagnol, who wrote *Marius*, and Céline, who wrote *Au Bout de la Nuit*. If we were the French we'd shoot their publishers, not because it's their fault, but it's an excuse for shooting publishers.

Smash-Hit

MENTIONING that the late charming light composer Walter Leigh had been at work on the music for a film about herself, Auntie *Times* coyly left the popeyed populace guessing as to the nature of this film.

Our own guess is that it's a decent version of *The Front Page*. In place of those snarling Chicago newspaper toughs in eyeshades and shirtsleeves dignified white-bearded gentlemen move to and fro in Palladian halls, discussing the day's news in carefully modulated flute-like voices, thus:

"I observe, Faughaghton, that a report from a source of impeccable veracity indicates that China has been engulfed by a tidal wave."

"Surely, Tiddingham, that borders on the sensational?"

"I thought perhaps five lines on a rearward page—"

Recollect, Tiddingham, that the modicum of space at our disposal for items of a startling nature, if I may permit myself the word, is already devoted by common consent to a communication from a clergyman of unblemished reputation intimating that while perambulating a field in Berkshire he recently detected the distinctive note of the chiffchaff."

(Enter a Majordomo.)

Gentlemen, the Editor desires your presence in the inner sanctum for the purpose of deliberating, or perhaps animadverting upon, a proposal from the Gardening Editor so fraught with opportunist cynicism that it cannot but cause the bosom to heave, the cheek to flush."

"Cor! Did you ever!"

That last exclamation comes from a Temporary Assistant Social Editress, a tiny ravishing blonde who ultimately saves the *Times* by knitting a set of new type just in time after a blitz. The film ends (we're still guessing) with Love burgeoning somewhere in the Ads. Dept. and a long, long kiss, presaging eternal sunshine down Life's pathway. Or what?

Fodder

URGING the Island Race to eat more potatoes and less bread, the Min. of Food boys might point out that in the most hellish period of the Penal Laws in Ireland the Irish footmen and sedan-chairmen of Mayfair were huge brawny chaps with bulging calves, as Dr. Johnson noticed. This was due to (or in spite of) living on potatoes from birth; a diet more rich in vitamins than the nettles and grass the Irish were allowed to live on in the Great Famine of the 1840's.

The Running Footman pub in Mayfair



"Now mind, nothing sloppy"

still preserves the memory of those vanished braves, Irish or English, who had a pretty good time as good times went in that age, and, if their manly charms pleased my lady, might, when she tired of them, be bought a Line commission and live as drunk as David's sow, or H.M. Foot Guards in Hogarth's picture of the March to Finchley.

Theory

HOW many ex-footmen commanded English platoons at Culloden we don't know. Judging from Smollett and other 18th-century satirist boys fighting was not so much their tea as swagger and seduction behind the lines, the merry devils. What were we talking about? Potatoes? Oh, yes—the food boys seem to be trying to find a reason why the Race doesn't devour more potatoes already, without urging. Would that feeling of fratricide be a reason, one wonders?

Arcadiana

THAT the modern farmer should bellow for Air Ministry weather-forecasts (which he isn't going to get anyway, we observe) seems to indicate at first sight that the modern farmer is just a big sissy. This is not quite accurate.

For thousands of years the weather-wise hayseed has depended for forecasts on his nose, as we all know. If he generally prophesied the wrong thing when City slickers on holiday asked him he did so deliberately, moved by rustic humour and hoping to subject you to cholera, rheumatism, and scurvy, to fool, perturb, harass, discommode, terrify, depress, and finally drive you furriners out of Arcadia. Radio having spoiled the game, the hayseed lost interest and didn't give a damn if you glowed with health or dropped dead. That is why farmers gave up sniffing and muttering and rolling their eyes and wetting their forefinger and scanning the horizon. Now they've had to begin again, and possibly their languid interest in fooling the furriner will revive before long. But it would not be fair to call the farmer a sissy because he'd rather twirl a knob by the fireside than go through all the weather-wise rigmarole. That is merely time-saving.

What farmers want to save time for we do not know. We know what business men want to save time for but we couldn't print it. Maybe the Farmers' Union lacks our natural delicacy, if so be you care to write and ask it.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"I wouldn't have used infantry, I'd have flung in my tanks, wouldn't you?"

The Under-Twenties



Harlip
Miss Penelope Forbes is the younger daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. Donald Forbes and of the Hon. Mrs. Forbes, of Orchard House, Aston Tirrold, Didcot. She is the niece of the Earl of Granard on her father's side of the family and of Viscount Mountgarret on her mother's. Miss Forbes, who is nineteen this year, now works at the Foreign Office



Harlip
Miss Naomi Fullerton is the daughter of Captain John Fullerton, late 19th Hussars and Yorkshire Dragoons, and Mrs. Fullerton, of Ashcroft Wentworth, near Rotherham, and granddaughter of the late Sir Alfred Molyneux Palmer and Lady Palmer, of Walworth Castle, Darlington. She is now working in the Countess of Wharnccliffe's factory in Yorkshire



Harlip
Miss Anne Balfour is the younger daughter of Colonel Edward Balfour, D.S.O., O.B.E., M.C., commanding the Scots Guards, and of Lady Ruth Balfour, C.B.E., Chairman of the Women's Voluntary Services for Civil Defence in Scotland. Miss Balfour, who is the Earl of Balfour's granddaughter, is studying physics and mathematics so that later on she may qualify for one of the specialist branches of the A.T.S.



Pearl Freeman
Miss Mary Mulholland made her debut at the Queen Charlotte's Hospital Ball in March last. She is the eldest daughter of the Hon. John and Mrs. Mulholland, of Langhurst Manor, Chiddingfold. Miss Mulholland is a niece of Lord Dunleath. Her mother is one of Viscount Harcourt's three sisters



Luckington Manor



Mrs. Hartman and a Favourite

Right: Mrs. Hartman offers a drink to Beaufortshire Beauty. One of the foals was sired by Davy Jones, of Grand National fame

At Luckington Ma

The Wiltshire Home of Cap
and Mrs. F. W. Hartman



Going For a Drive

Captain Hartman was invalided out of the Royal Naval Air Service at the end of the last war. Now he has given his home in Sussex as a Naval Convalescent Home, and he and his wife live at Luckington Manor, Sherston, Wilts., where their chief occupations are farming and breeding horses. Mrs. Hartman herself runs Coway Farm, a recent acquisition adjoining Luckington. Well known in the hunting-field before the war, Captain Hartman became joint Master of the Southdown with Mr. A. W. H. Dalgely in 1939.



OR

n



Sitting in the Garden : Captain and Mrs. Hartman

Photographs by Swaebe

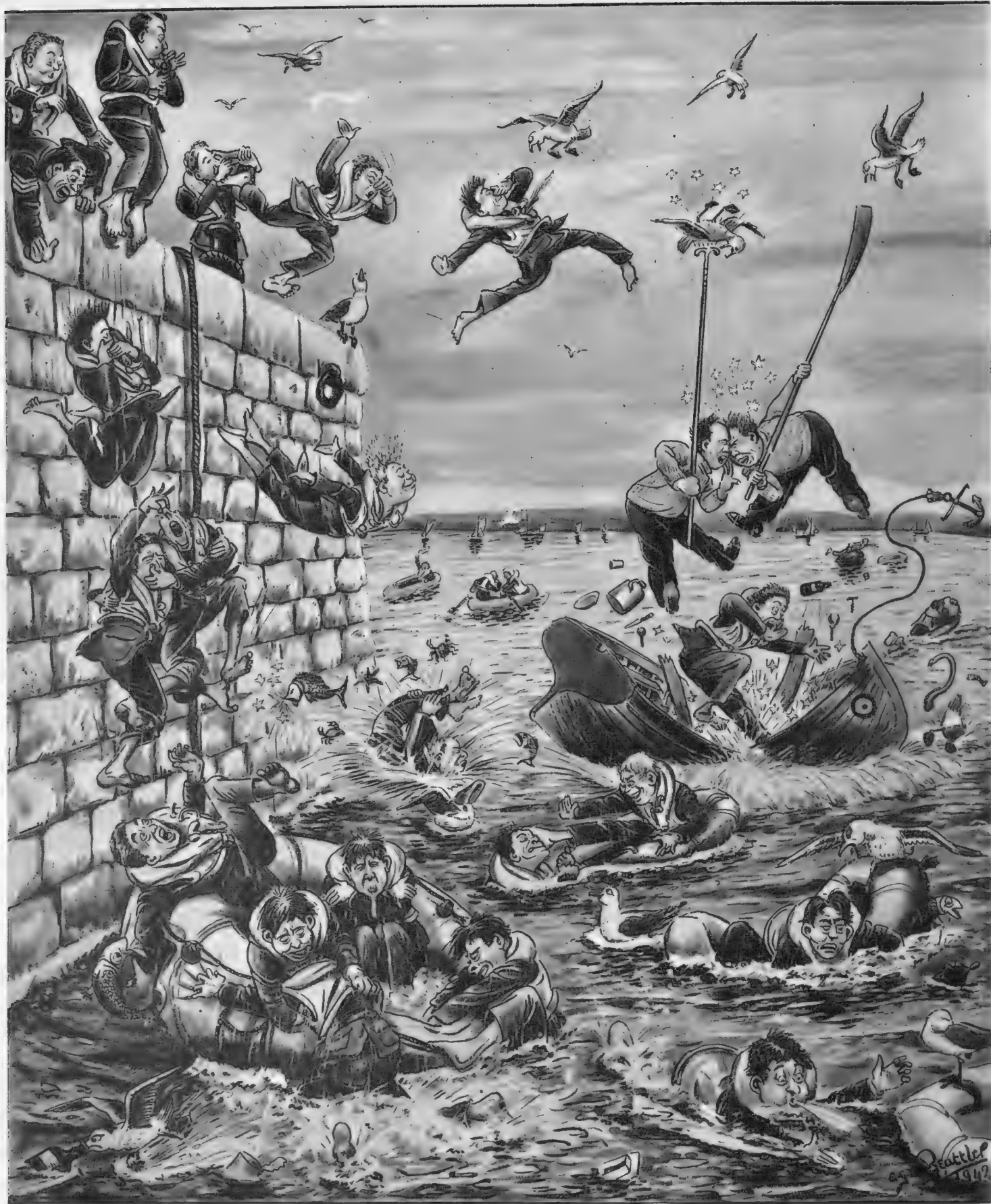
Lunch-time For the Pigs



Stone Walls Encircle the Well



On the Estate is the Smallest Church in England



Sport in the I.T.W.—Dinghy Drill

By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley-Beuttler

This drawing is the result of a special demonstration of Dinghy Drill by Cadets of the I.T.W. (Initial Training Wing) for the benefit of our artist. They line up on the harbour wall, button on their "Mae Wests," hold their nostrils with one hand, and then jump in feet foremost. At low tide the jump is anything from 18 to 25 ft. What impresses the onlooker most is the lack of any hesitation on the part of the non-swimmers; their faith in the "Mae Wests" is unbounded. The two men in the boat are there to assist any Cadet in trouble



The deeper parts of a swamp on the estate provide good fishing for the author in his moments of leisure



Somerset Maugham likes solitude and perfect quiet while he works. This cabin was specially built away from the house to ensure it



Inside the cabin all is peaceful, and even Max, the spaniel, waits patiently till his master's work is done

"The Land of Promise"

Somerset Maugham Settles in South Carolina

The story of how Somerset Maugham was obliged to leave his home in the South of France in 1940, and of his adventurous journey to England, has been told in the author's own inimitable style in his last book, *Strictly Personal*. After a short stay in this country, Somerset Maugham went to America, and since December has been living in his new home in Yemasee, South Carolina, built for him by his publisher, Nelson P. Doubleday. There he lives alone, but often entertains his many friends at small house-parties. The famous author, who is now sixty-eight, has decided to reside permanently in the United States. One of his most famous plays, *Home and Beauty*, first produced at the Playhouse in 1919, is shortly to be revived in London



Rummy is a favourite evening pastime. Mrs. Nelson Doubleday, Mrs. Malcolm Johnson and Mr. Nelson Doubleday have a game with their host. Nelson Doubleday is the author's publisher, and was responsible for building his new house



Somerset Maugham and Max, His Dog

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Safer than Organ-Grinding

WAR must be, if that descendant of the fabled she-wolf of Rome is telling the truth. Knowing, as we do, that Signor Virginio Gayda's taste exact for faultless fact amounts to a disease, we must believe him when he says in the *Giornale d'Italia* that: "Under the violent pressure exercised by the Italian Army the whole enemy [Russian] front has been literally pulverised," and this for a casualty list of only 298! This announcement is rendered all the more alarming by the fact that Il Duce has recently visited the back slums of the Eastern Front to put even more devil into the holders of the Army Marathon record. Signor Mussolini, as it is only fair to mention, went back to Italy almost at once, presumably for a final fitting appointment with his tailors for his new victory uniform. All this time we have been believing that it was the German Army which had been doing any

element. It may be—I do not know. All that is certain is that the seaman does this thing, like all the others to which he sets his hand, very thoroughly and very well. That old myth that a sailor on horseback is a joke has been blown sky-high these many years past. The Duke of Kent never came into the blaze of light which shone upon other members of his family, but he rode really well none the less, and one of the first hunting countries in which he was heard of was the Buccleuch, where his then future brother-in-law was the M.F.H., and he went exceptionally well. They call them "The Bold Buccleuch," and whether the epithet is meant for the foxes, the hounds or the people who ride to them, it is equally well deserved. To say of that country that it is not a funkier's paradise is an under-statement. The flying obstacles are sizable, the walls (quite a lot) still more so, and there are some things they call "flake" gates which



A Golf Champion at Home

Mrs. Wylie, formerly Phyllis Wade, English golf champion and Curtis Cup player, is seen here with her husband, Surgeon-Commander John Wylie, R.N., and her son, Ian, at their home, Abbey Lodge, Arbroath. Ian's godmother is Pam Barton, seen in another picture on the opposite page



Cambridge Air Squadron Cricket Eleven

D. R. Stuart

The Cambridge University Air Squadron have this season beaten the S.T.C. (R.E.), and the R.A.F., Oakington; lost to the R.A.F., Waterbeach, and to a combined Cambridge College XI., and have more matches in view. In front: Cadets J. A. A. Bullard, P. White, Cadet Corporal Gordon Tricker (captain), D. H. Tew, G. C. K. Gallagher. Behind: Cadets L. N. Hill, P. L. Rushton, E. P. Palmer, Cadet Corporal R. M. Sadd, J. L. Walters, J. T. Stewart

"pulverising" which has been going on. How right it was of the Germans to tell us that we shall always be fools and that they will never be gentlemen. All the German forces will now presumably be withdrawn into rest billets. The German General Staff must be extremely pleased to be told that their troops have done nothing. One can almost hear the ferocious Von Bock saying: "Aber das ist frech!"

Like All Sailors

H.R.H. the late Prince George, Duke of Kent, whose untimely death was a bad shock and cause of genuine sorrow to the whole British Empire, differed not at all in his fondness for horses and riding them from every other sailor whom I have had the felicity to meet. Why it is that the moment a seafarer gets off the heaving ocean, he is mad keen to get on to a horse, I do not claim to know, but the fact remains just the same. Perhaps it may be that in countries where the ridge and furrow are abnormally deep and are apt to make even the hardest landsman come over a bit queer, the mariner feels absolutely in his

will not open and have to be lifted out of a socket. So the Bold Buccleuch almost invariably jump them—and they have to be jumped, for they decline to break.

Leicestershire and the Duke

LATER on the Duke of Kent went to Leicestershire, where, of course, his three brothers were well known. Bar, at any rate, one of the Leicestershire countries, I would say that the Buccleuch took much more doing. The one barred is Fernie's, formerly the South Quorn. Sir Dick Sutton, they said, gave that bit to his son young Dick, because the parent country was too extensive, but the real reason was that he was so tired of having his hounds pressed upon that he decided to send the young sportsman to a region which was so strongly enclosed that, unless he wanted an overdose of falls, treading on hounds' sterns was impossible. It is, or was, still that way, and the Buccleuch country has very similar attributes!

Leicestershire, as we know, confers a cachet all its own, but it would not be difficult to name a dozen or more hunting demesnes where

twice the skill and courage are demanded of the adventurer. H.R.H. the Princess Royal, who, I have always thought, rode better than any of the family, was never, so far as I remember, a Leicestershire addict. Next to her in point knowledge of equitation, I should put her second cousin, Lord Louis Mountbatten—a sailor—then The Duke of Gloucester. For absolute cut-throat courage on a horse the Duke of Windsor naturally stands out.

Land of Legend—and the Devil

QUITE apart from the fun you could get having a hunt with the Buccleuch, there is that fascinating atmosphere, full of many romantic and quite a lot of wicket wraiths: "Auld Wat of Harden," "Thomas the Rhymer," still believed to be held in thrall by the Faerie Queen in the Eildon Hills, and, most of all, that tough, "Michael the Magician" (temp. twelfth century), who fell out with the Monks of Melrose because their holy water interfered with his business—spells, curses and general deviltry. It was Michael who, so they say in those parts, was responsible for the Three



Competitors in the

Waiting their turn to play in the "Daily Sketch" tournament was Miss J. Gordon, with Miss Maureen Ruttle, who tied for the second prize (offered by Miss Doreen Chambers) for the Scratch Competition. Miss Ruttle was winner of the event in 1940

Eildon Hills, because he made the Devil build them to cut off all sunlight from Melrose Abbey and so freeze them out. The Devil, who never had had any use for monks, was only too pleased to oblige. He was in such a hurry, in fact, that, after he had made two of the Eildons, he stubbed his toe in the ground and spilt half his shovelful, and that is why one of these hills is so small. There is another yarn, but this is quite good enough. Afterwards Michael and the Devil fell out—probably over the little matter of payment—and the Magician chased the Devil all down the Tweed to the sea. At first the Devil had the best of it, as he used his shovel as a boat, and while he was afloat “Mike’s” spells had no effect. Anyway, the Magician beat him to it in the end, and then as a punishment condemned him to make ropes of sand on the seashore. If you dare to express disbelief in all this, you are invited to go down to the beach and see these ropes for yourself. The Magician was said to have been really Michael Scott, an Irishman, and not a Scotsman at all. If this is correct, of course, he would start at a shade of odds-on in any contest even with Old Nick himself, let alone his C.I.G.S., or Q.M.G.

From the Turf Front

THE “information” is a bit confusing. And first as to the two-year-olds. In the Middle Park, the race which is supposed to settle the question as to which is the best of the year, Lord Rosebery’s very nice filly Ribbon fairly and squarely beat the odds-on favourite Nasrullah, voted up till then to be top of the class. It was only by a neck, which might be taken to knock a pound off her sex allowance; there was no daylight between Nasrullah and Nearly, who had previously beaten him pointless, giving him 9 lb., in the Wilburton Stakes on Oaks Day; Straight Deal had a race by himself, having decanted his jockey at the post and thus diminished the obvious chance which he had; Victory Torch was not himself, and neither Tipstaff nor the brilliant Lady Sybil was competing. So what are we to make of it all? In my private opinion it leaves a whole lot in the air, but I am almost sure that Nasrullah is not the best colt of his age. Next year’s Derby is a long way off and many things might happen between now and then. The question which the Middle Park Stakes form poses is: “Was the Coventry Stakes form sustained?” The result of that race was Nasrullah, 1; Straight Deal, 2; Victory Torch, 3; a length and a half, a length. In view of the fact that we did not see the best of either Straight Deal or Victory Torch in the Middle Park, I think there is room for doubt.



Midland Home Guard on Manœuvres

Lt.-Col. A. B. Hare, M.C., T.D., photographed with practically the entire company of officers of this battalion. Front row: 2nd Lieut. J. P. Ballachey, Lieut. A. C. Stevens, 2nd Lieuts. W. F. A. Stephenson, J. C. Wilson, Lieuts. W. Gilbert, T. H. Herbert, M. S. Rankin, D. P. M. Clarke. Second row: Majors Mattock, H. Speed, L. C. Crookford, Capt. T. E. Bavin (Adjt.), Lt.-Col. A. B. Hare, Majors P. D. F. Ferreira, C. Wheaton, N. S. Bostock, 2nd Lieut. J. A. Holden, Lieut. H. C. Bonsor. Third row: Capt. P. Macartney, 2nd Lieut. W. G. Llewellyn, Lieut. J. D. Walker, 2nd Lieut. J. F. Carter, Lieuts. A. E. Anthony, J. E. Foley, A. B. Perkins, H. L. Deppe. Fourth row: Capt. C. Payne, Lieut. W. D. Wallace, Capt. P. T. W. Adams, Lieuts. C. T. Dabell, G. S. Shipley, R. B. Shaw, A. R. Jones, 2nd Lieuts. G. O. Myall, G. A. Simpkin, R. E. Skipwith, Lieut. E. K. Price, Capt. A. W. Perry. Back row: 2nd Lieut. A. W. Morrison, Lieut. W. T. Gordon, 2nd Lieut. J. N. Dominy, Lieuts. H. S. Tunbridge, R. Rimmer, J. Cree, C. E. King, 2nd Lieut. W. Bower, Capt. T. H. Farr

Next Saturday’s Leger

THIS race must also cause us to put on our thinking-caps, and some people suggest that we should take a hard look at the 1½-mile Champion Stakes which Big Game won according to plan, and very easily, thus absolutely confirming his form in the Derby, in which he had the whole field beaten at the 1½-mile post and after that was himself completely finished with. They say that he did not win, because he ran away with Gordon Richards. That is just not so. The Champion Stakes form merely endorsed his performance in the Derby, and in a measure it also confirmed his Guineas win, but farther than that I do not see how anyone dare venture. I think that 1½ miles is just half a mile beyond the length of his rope. After the Champion Stakes you could get 100—8 about his Leger chance. I doubt whether he will run, but I still believe and hope that it will be a Royal Leger, for I am convinced that Sun Chariot can win if she is in the mood, and that she is a better bet at

2 to 1 than Watling Street at 3 to 1. He is another one with a big “If” in his composition, and it is difficult to trust that sort. As to Hyperides, the deposed Leger favourite, his Champion form is not quite understandable. He started second favourite at 11—4, his stable companion, Afterthought, at 20—1. She ran as good a second as Big Game would let her and Hyperides was never really in the hunt. It was not his distance, but then neither was it Afterthought’s. They said after the race that he wanted a pipe-opener. He got it all right. I do not know whether we ought to take this form too seriously. There is another one running over which some people might like to run their eye. The name is Ujiji: fourth in the Guineas, third in the Derby, and then third in the Champion Stakes. His price for the Leger immediately after this last race was 20 to 1. He then shortened to 16 to 1. It may be that he deserves to have a capital “G” put in front of his name. I think he might be a profitable each-way wager.



“Daily Sketch” Women’s National Golf Tournament at Royal Mid-Surrey

Mrs. Style and Miss Pam Barton, the British lady champion, were partners. Pam Barton shared the second prize in the Scratch Competition with Maureen Ruttle. She won the last British Championship in 1939

Miss Frances Stephens, playing with Mrs. Sandra Leslie, won the Low Handicap prize for the third year in succession, in spite of her voluntary reduction of her last year’s handicap from 15 to 8

Winner of the Scratch Trophy was Miss Wanda Morgan, improving on her last year’s triumph by three strokes. With her are Miss Molly Gourlay, former English lady champion, now in the A.T.S., and Miss Doreen Chambers

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

America

AMERICA is, in one sense, the most articulate country in the world. Her Press strikes the English reader as vehement, often exclamatory; we find here the widest extensions of free speech. Her magazines—domestic, comic and scientific—have had an increasing influence on ours. Her films and her fiction, reaching our shores steadily, have not only affected our use of the English language, but set up for our study, sometimes for our imitation, a quite new range of manners, feeling and thought. America is not shy: there is almost nothing she does not tell us about herself. And the vividness of her language makes it almost impossible not to listen. We find ourselves documented, whether we like it or not. The most ignorant Englishman in the street—or, for that matter, Englishwoman or child—could probably come across, on demand, with half-a-dozen pieces of information about America, and few of these would be totally incorrect.

In spite of this, we continue to find America an enigma. In her role as a nation, on the stage of the nations, there have been times when she seemed to act unaccountably. The apparent fluctuations of American policy—onward from 1918—have puzzled us: we have not had the means to trace its governing principle. In the serious issue, when we find it vital that we should understand America, we may feel that we are only further confused by the mass of small facts that we have collected about her. We have drawn too much on hearsay. On this we have built up any theories we have. Our so-called facts, now we come to take closer stock of them, appear contradictory, frivolous and irrelevant. Even history (seen chiefly from our side) has not been much help. Now, by what we may be tempted to regard as a miracle, collaboration with America has been arrived at. The understanding existing in high quarters may now travel down to the peoples of the world's two greatest democracies. Already its happy effects are felt. In spite of the darkness of war, we breathe better air.

We may ask ourselves why this collaboration, of which the very essential is understanding, could not have been reached before. How, since 1918, have Britain and America come to diverge so widely? Did it really take the extreme pressure of a relentless war to close up the breach? The realness of that breach, its width and its dangers, we may now, in retrospect, recognise. And there have been more than dangers: there have been tragic effects. Could Britain and America, since 1918, have worked together, undoubtedly we should not be at war again. How came two mighty democracies, linked in blood, speaking the same language, sharing, above all, the same ideals, to fail to use these ideals to implement lasting peace?

Under austere circumstances, we have now been

given a fresh start. This time, there must be no misunderstandings. The questions we ask ourselves must be answered. What, exactly, were the misunderstandings that followed Versailles? What was their nature, their root and their extent? In the sober mood of wartime, we acknowledge our own shortcomings. But what went wrong on the American side?

Two Voices

MR. DENYS SMITH, in his *America and the Axis War* (Jonathan Cape; 15s.), supplies an analysis of the American policy—or, rather, of the two conflicting American policies—onward from the rejection by the Senate of the Versailles Treaty in 1919. "When President Wilson left Paris" (says Mr. Denys Smith on his first page), "the other nations little thought that his signature of the Versailles Treaty on June 28th, 1919, would not be honoured when he reached home. The rejection of the Versailles Treaty was the first of many disappointments Europe suffered through its failure to understand the dual authority over foreign affairs provided for in the American Constitution. When President Wilson penned his signature to the treaty ahead of all the other delegates at Versailles, he was, so the text ran, 'acting in his own name and by his own proper authority.' On November 19th, the Senate asserted its own proper authority by rejecting the Versailles Treaty. Later the two Houses of Congress asserted their own proper authority by voting the war with Germany at an end. . . . The United States had turned its back on President Wilson's policy of international co-operation, and for twenty years the nations of the world were to be handicapped by that fact."

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

ALWAYS it seems to happen—when someone very much beloved dies, you are immediately haunted by regrets for what might have been. You might have been so much kinder, so much more affectionate, so much less irritable; you might have been more considerate; perhaps more loyal; less inclined to vent your own mood—especially if you were feeling peevish—on the beloved being whom at the time you nevertheless felt almost pleased to hurt.

These might-have-beens gnaw at the memory, when it is too late to ask pardon, like some dull physical pain. Your conscience upbraids you and is only slightly assuaged by the wishful thought that the dead can read your heart and, reading it, forgive and understand. That, indeed, they love you all the more for your regrets—useless as they now are—because, say what you will, the deepest love of all is often built up on passing misunderstandings. Until you are face to face with the loss of something which actually is very dear, you can rarely appreciate it at its true worth in everything which makes life happy and worth-while.

So, clinging to this wishful thinking, I like to think the dead understand and appreciate this tardy realisation of the love we really bore them, though we seemed to prove it so grudgingly at the time. And realising it, they must sometimes be mightily astonished! But that is one of the queer things about life—flowers seem

perpetually to flourish in just the places where you never realised you had sown any seeds at all! Whereas the garden you so lovingly tended . . . ?

Continuing this thought, then, I like to think that all those dead men and women of creative genius, whose work, maybe, was only mildly appreciated in their time, are happier because a later generation understands more clearly the full significance of that genius. In these days, when it is my conviction that everyone in their moments of leisure should get away from the war, if only for the sake of their own mental sanity, it is like coming home to delve into a world where blitzes were unknown, and the average man and woman had their lives before them to make or to mar. Thus, I visit every picture-gallery I can possibly discover; I listen to all the loveliest music which radio and gramophone can provide; whenever possible I read the books which I have always loved, as well as some of those which I always wanted to read, but never seemed to have had the time. And I like to think that all these dead artists, musicians, writers, philosophers and poets are happier because, such is the state of the world today, we have learnt to appreciate them more and with a deeper understanding. They still stand as a beautiful and significant element in life, which you can easily ignore, until it is too late, if merely you read the newspapers, or hark to current opinion, or listen, with the usual sense of frustration that it engenders, to the Nine O'clock News.



Brown, Dundee

Submarine V.C.'s Family

Mrs. Malcolm Wanklyn is the widow of Lieut.-Commander M. D. Wanklyn, the first submarine V.C. of this war and holder of the triple D.S.O. Their son, Ian, celebrated his third birthday on August 31st, a week after the official announcement of the loss of the submarine "Upholder." Mrs. Wanklyn is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Kinloch, of Ellangowan, Meigle, Perthshire, and is a niece of Sir George Kinloch, Bart.

Mr. Smith, in this opening chapter, called "America's Two Voices," has been at pains to make clear the distinction, and often the opposition, in Washington between Congress and Administration. Administration means the White House and the State Department: throughout the decades that have followed Versailles, Administration has continued to be, from the world point of view, progressive; it has kept in unparalleled touch with world affairs, and co-operation has been its aim. It has realised that, in her own interests as well as for her own credit, the United States cannot divorce herself from responsibilities, that the Monroe Doctrine of 1823 cannot continue to hold good in a changing world. But, unhappily, Congress not only sometimes combats, but has at all times the power to check the work of Administration. And Congress—until the recent, dramatic change we have witnessed—stood for American self-interest in the immediate, provincial and unenlightened sense—in fact, for Isolationism. Dread of entanglements; profound mistrust of the Old World, dominated, for a length of time that proved fatal, the average Congressman's point of view. Against this bulk of opinion, with its host of defences, enlightened Administration struggled in vain.

America and the Axis War gives, in detail, the history of those two decades of struggle. He shows the conflicting effects of the "two voices" in a series of contexts provided by world affairs. He has traced to

(Concluded on page 344)

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review
of Weddings and Engagements



Fitzgerald — Knox

Lieut. Desmond Fitzgerald, Irish Guards, eldest son of Mr. T. Fitzgerald, C.M.G., and Mrs. Fitzgerald, of 50, Sloane Street, S.W., married Penelope Mary Knox, daughter of Mr. E. V. Knox, of 63, Eyre Court, N.W., at St. Thomas Mors, Hampstead



Kirke — Perryman

Capt. Richard Kirke, R.A., son of Gen. Sir W. M. St. G. and Lady Kirke, of Oaks Cottage, Eton Green, Surrey, married Rosemary Perryman, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. C. Perryman, of Datchel, Bucks., at St. George's, Hanover Square



Miss V. E. P. Bennett

Victoire Evelyn Patricia Bennett, daughter of Major and Mrs. Joseph Bennett, of 12, The Boltons, S.W., is to be married to Captain Julian Errington Ridsdale, The Royal Norfolk Regiment, son of Mr. and Mrs. Julian Ridsdale, of 7, Lewes Crescent, Brighton



O'Brien — Swire

Lieut. John O'Brien, Royal Canadian Navy, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. O'Brien, of Montreal, married Stephanie Swire, younger daughter of the late Douglas Swire, and Mrs. Norman Wodehouse, of Parkley Avenue, Langley, Bucks.



Mrs. Chris. Dodd

Stella Janet Lister, only daughter of the Rev. Canon J. G. and Mrs. Lister, of The Vicarage, Wendover, Bucks., and Chris. Dodd, Irish Guards, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Dodd, of St. Christopher's Lodge, Bray-on-Thames, Berks., were married at St. Joseph's, Maidenhead

Horniblow — Mills

Sydney Horniblow, only son of Mr. F. T. Horniblow and the late Mrs. Horniblow, of Winchmore Hill, and Joan Mills were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Mills, of Cheam



Bishop — Beadle

Dr. John Fleming Bishop, of West Lane Hospital, Middlesbrough, and Marguerite Helen Joy Beadle, eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. C. W. Beadle, of Mereworth House, Plum Lane, Plumstead, were married at Crown Court, Church of Scotland, Covent Garden



Coke — Halford-Thompson

Captain N. P. Coke, Royal Marines, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Coke, of 6, The Park, Cheltenham, married Joyce Halford-Thompson, daughter of the late Major Halford-Thompson, and Mrs. Halford-Thompson, of Bystock House, Exmouth, at St. James's, Spanish Place



Salmons — Bishton

Captain Thomas Cardus Salmons, Royal Marines, son of the late T. H. Salmons and Mrs. Salmons, of Stanley Lodge, Teddington, married Betty Bishton, daughter of Mrs. M. A. Bishton, of Rectory Farm, Erbistock, Wrexham, at Cowfold Church, Sussex

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 329)

Theatre "Aid to Russia"

THE London Coliseum should be packed on Sunday, September 20th, for the Grand Concert Festival organised by the combined unions of artistes, musicians and employees of the theatre, in aid of the Stage and Screen "Aid for Russia" Fund, which is under the patronage of Lord Southwood, and lots of distinguished people in Diplomatic, Stage and Press circles. Mr. Winant, the American Ambassador, as well as a lot of interesting people from the Allied and Dominion Governments in London, have promised to be there.

Leslie Henson is going to compeere with a huge cast of supporting artistes, including Dame Marie Tempest, Vic Oliver, Vera Lynn, Tommy Trinder, Robert Frankau, Tessa Deane, and Geraldo and his concert orchestra. It is an interesting occasion, as this is the first time in the history of the theatre that the entire profession, from cleaner to star, have got together to raise a large sum of money for a public fund, which happens to be controlled by the National Council of Labour. As everyone is giving their services, a pretty good sum should be available for handing over to Russia.

Lady Reading at Dagenham

LADY READING, Chairman of the Women's Voluntary Services, addressed members of Dagenham W.V.S. at the Central Hall. Among the many supporters were the Mayor and Mayoress (Mr. and Mrs. R. J. D. Clack), Lady Whitmore, wife of the Lord Lieutenant of Essex, and Alderman Mrs. Evans, Deputy Mayor of Dagenham, who presided.

After congratulating the members, Lady Reading spoke of the general work of the Service, mentioning such things as work done in British Restaurants, which is immensely useful, although never in the lime-light. She stressed the importance of salvage, specially mentioning the hitherto poor collection of bones. "Men's lives are being risked because we haven't taken sufficient trouble," she said.



Sir Giles Gilbert Scott Lends Chester House for Women's Club



Above: A non-residential club for Service women is to be opened shortly at Chester House in Clarendon Place, W.2. Mrs. E. T. Carr, Alderman F. Stanley Henwood, Mrs. Ralph Smith and Mr. W. H. Bentley, Town Clerk of Paddington, are chiefly responsible for this excellent scheme

Left: Major Norman Kark photographed with his wife and son, who is a midshipman in the Royal Navy. Mrs. Kark has just returned from Canada, where she was vice-president of the British War Guests Committee in Toronto

On Leave in London

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 342)

this the difficulties that have arisen in America's collaboration with other Powers, and her apparent incalculability in her support of avowed principles.

The clear-sighted American in Administration has, owing to the negative policy of Congress, been placed in the agonising position of being unable to act. By the framing of the American Constitution, it has happened that the wide, informed, long-term view of the country's interests could be kept in check by the uninformed, narrow one.

Mr. Denys Smith gives a study, and history, of Isolationism, which he dates from George Washington—who declined to take part with France in the post-French Revolution war against England, after having received French help against England in the War of Independence.

Isolationism had, at first, as he shows, some correspondingly sturdy virtues: it stood for the independence of a young New World that had reason to hope it could build up a destiny out of its own vitality and idealism and stand clear of the Old World's vices and troubles. At the outset this seemed to work well enough. Isolationism only became dangerous when world changes proved it unrealistic. It was then to become an affair of fanaticism rather than a matter of principle. Mr. Denys Smith traces the mounting of this fanaticism, and its queering effects on the American point of view. A point was reached when friendships were to be dreaded, as likely to end in entanglements. Anti-British sentiment in America, and a tendency to accept distorted accounts of British behaviour ever since 1914, were the deliberate creation of Isolationists. Many British readers will find the Isolationist version of our motives and policy, as shown to America, disconcerting. It is as well, however, to know what *has* been said about us.

If the middle passages of the book make depressing reading, the end—the whole-hearted abandonment by America of Isolationism, with its attendant poisons—stands out all the more, in relief. Mr. Denys Smith tells the story of this abandonment of an impossible position from the inside. He has been for years the principal correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* in America, lived in Washington, and was in close touch with the State Department. For the writing of this important book he has documented himself meticulously: notes at the end of his chapters permit him to quote his authorities, and he thus gives chapter and verse for everything that he says.

Adam and Eve

EVEN the wilderness outside the Garden of Eden seems delicious by contrast with much of the world now. Mr. Horace Hornsall, the dramatic critic of *The Tatler and Bystander*, in his *The Cool of the Evening* (Hamish Hamilton; 6s.), writes beautifully, and in a lyrical vein, of the very old age of Adam and Eve. Leaves rustle, rays of late sun penetrate them and a river flows smoothly by, as Adam, not unhappily brooding within the sound of Eve's still beloved voice, looks back at the early world of bliss he had lost and at the world of human experience in which, through the years, he had come to find himself as a man—not cast from God's kindness, though cast from Eden, still in touch with the benign angel he may no longer see.

After this angel Adam's youngest and most beloved grandson, the twelve-year-old Raphael, has been called. The eager little boy and the old man (wise with the wisdom of his unique destiny, first of his race) talk and garden together. Adam tells Raphael the story of the Fall, and sees again in the boy's clear, wondering eyes the innocence he himself forfeited.

Raphael does much to heal the wound in Adam's heart left by the death of Abel, the sin of Cain. The sadness and doom of wandering Cain are felt in that momentary reappearance in the dusk, by the river. . . . Eve, in old age, is more than reconciled to—she has sublimated—her lot as a woman outside Eden—bearer of children, companion of Adam's hard-working life, sharer of his memory of the old sin. In her features is still the legend of her first beauty, of her glory as the original woman.

Round these humans, in their tract of woods and cliffs and rivers, rages the drama of an intensive battle—Satan still in arms against the angels of God. Satan again tempts Adam; he speaks of another Eden. Satan tries to make young Raphael a hostage, to force old Adam's will. Satan's satanicness is made to appear mostly in his apparently gentle understanding of man. . . . *The Cool of the Evening* is at once an allegory, a prose-poem and a beautifully simple tale. It is quite unlike any other book that this year of war has put out. In the true sense, it is profoundly refreshing.

Where Shall We Go?

MR. ASHLEY COURTENAY'S *Let's Halt Awhile* (Ashley Courtenay, Ltd.; 5s.) should be found invaluable by those who do not want to mis-spend the short, precious leave, or hard-earned war holiday. Dividing England and Wales into areas, he has done a thorough survey of the hostels, from the point of view of rest and amusement, quiet and charm. Country-house hotels, country-town hotels, guest-houses and village inns are all covered. In his paragraphs—mostly illustrated by photographs—he is adept at summing-up character. He gives a good idea of the surrounding country, and sportsmen will find the information they want.

With regard to hotels, most people know what they like, but sometimes do not know where to find it. And war changes have ruled out some old haunts. Mr. Courtenay is as up-to-date on his subject as, in these times, one can possibly be.

Let's Halt Awhile will repay study. It will leave you more likely to go to the right place.



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It was really an inspiration on the part of Lillywhites, Piccadilly, to create cycling outfits for women when shopping: they are also destined for country wear in general. On the left is one with a divided skirt, and when walking the division is hardly noticeable. The patch pockets are smart and capacious, being large enough to take ration-cards and similar paraphernalia. It is carried out in Scotch tweed, and so is the trousered suit on the right. Note that the trousers are not turned up—this is really a revival. Similar ideas are carried out in proofed double poplin; they are also man-tailored

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M. E. BROOKE

There are few women who will not desire to own the coat on the right. It belongs to the Harella family, and may be seen in the salons of Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly. It is carried out in a soft pile fabric lined throughout with crepe. Furthermore, it possesses all the features of a Utility model and the price is most pleasant—£4 10s. 9d. There is a splendid collection of hand-woven Harris tweed coats which are light and warm, while their length of life is well-nigh unending. They are to be seen in the stock-size department. Simple frocks for indoor wear are also represented, many of which are attractive studies in colour harmony, and are appropriate for morning as well as afternoon wear. No one must leave these salons until they have seen the hard-wearing working smocks



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Aerial Indigestion

OVER Dieppe a large number of aircraft worked together in a very small space. With present methods it is likely that even larger numbers could be worked successfully in that same amount of space, but obviously in the future new methods will be called for if increases in the sizes of the formations are to bring comparable results.

God is on the side of the big battalions only so long as the units do not keep on getting in one another's way. In spite of the huge quantities of air lying about idle, it remains true that air formations soon become congested and entangled unless their movements are strictly planned and co-ordinated.

If one could build up a great formation of aircraft like a pile of bricks, balancing one on another, grouping them together, one could get the fullest practicable concentration in space. But aircraft, like baby, will not keep still.

So a big concentration of aircraft is like an astronomer's universe, composed of large chunks of space with, scattered among them, material fragments whirling about one another on fixed orbits. And as the operation of various laws are needed in the universe to maintain a more or less ordered formation and to prevent an excessive number of collisions, so in the large air formation.

I feel that there is, in the planning of formation work, scope for the ingenious-minded—the kind of people who are good at puzzles.

Authors from the Air

THERE are now at least two plays running in London written by someone in the Royal Air Force, and the films about the Royal Air Force and about aviation in general seem to be unlimited. Books also pour out having some kind of air interest.

All this is to the good; for the need for aerial education is paramount. And aerial education comprises not only learning about aircraft and their scope, but also learning about the world of the air and the people who inhabit it.

These plays and films are doing much in this direction. The Mitchell film seems to be a success though at the time of writing I have not had an opportunity of seeing it. I am told that the story of Mitchell

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

is not seriously distorted in any way and that the atmosphere of the Schneider Trophy races is well reproduced.

Then the news films have done a good deal to tell the truth about air battles. The Malta Convoy pictures were useful in that they showed how fleeting and how confused are the conditions of real battle between aircraft and anti-aircraft guns.

Freighters

SINCE I last wrote about the Henry Kaiser scheme for building many large freight-carrying flying boats and using them to supplement the ships of the Merchant Navy, especially on the Atlantic route, the news has come out of America that Mr. Kaiser is to be joined in this effort by Mr. Hughes.

It is always difficult to assess a proposal of this kind because true judgment is hampered by the feeling that one must never resist new ideas at a time like this. The tendency is, therefore, to give the plan an optimistic estimate.

But I have pointed out that when it goes with food dehydration it can certainly prove useful. And I notice that *Fortune*, the extremely fine American publication, has been working out what an aircraft could do in the way of feeding a city when carrying dehydrated food, the assumption being only that the city's water supply is in order.

So the only negative judgment I will permit myself is that the air freighter scheme, though entirely sound and sensible, though of the utmost strategic value, cannot, by any reckoning, replace the sea freighter scheme within a period of less than five years.

It might begin to relieve the sea-going vessels in three or four years, but that aspect is already to the fore. The Atlantic ferry service, ever since it started, has been helping to relieve shipping though only in a very small way.

Accidents

WE have had recently too many reminders that constant vigilance is needed if accidents in the air are to be kept down to a minimum. The death of the Duke of Kent came as a sharp warning, for he had made himself extremely popular among all who fly and especially among officers and airmen of the Royal Air Force.

It seems to be established that one cause of accidents in the air is a human factor which can never be eliminated though it is often impossible to say precisely when this or some other cause was operative. There seem to be blank patches in the consciousness of the most expert pilots.

For reasons not known the brilliant and experienced pilot will one day fail to take some precaution which he has taken almost automatically on countless previous flights. It is rather like the expert and experienced motor car driver who, one day, for no known reason, fails to take the usual precautions and presses the starter with the car in gear.

That is one reason why the use of second pilots came in. They were there not only to act as reliefs to the first pilots, but also to maintain a second check on the work of the first pilots. Unfortunately once again human nature defeats the plan; for the second pilot is apt to place such confidence in his colleague that a mistake by one is apt to be endorsed by the other.

It must not be thought, however, that accident prevention work is not continuing during the war. On the contrary great efforts are being made to reduce accidents. The reason is not only that lives must not be lost unnecessarily; but also that air strength to no small extent is influenced by the safety record of an air force.

A good safety record is worth an extra factory in terms of output of aircraft and it is worth even more than that in terms of morale. It is the old story, but the true one, to say that those killed in an air accident did not die in vain if something is learned which will make flying safer in the future.

Military flying does in some ways appear to overlay all questions of safety. But that is only an outward appearance. In fact, the efficient air force is as anxious to keep accidents down as the efficient civil airline.

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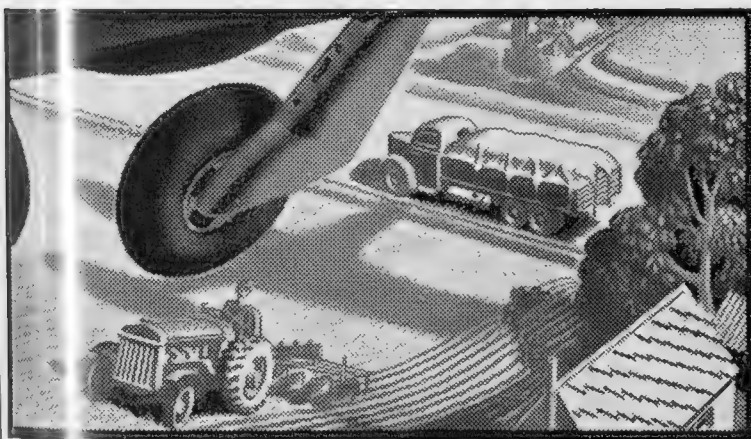
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Stories from Everywhere

SMITH was talking to a couple of his friends about his wife and her peculiarities.

"I have thought for some time," he said, "that my wife is utterly devoid of taste, but the other day she put on a new dress which was atrocious beyond words. I daren't of course say a word about it, and dared hardly look at it, but as she went out I went to the window to have another look at her and—"

At this point this wife entered the room suddenly.

"And the funniest part of the whole affair," continued Smith, without showing the least embarrassment, "was that they found the cat eleven days later on the top of Eiffel Tower!"

And Mrs. Smith is still puzzling as to what there was in that ridiculous statement to make them all laugh so uproariously.

"PETERBOROUGH," tells this story in his column in the *Daily Telegraph*:

A company, having been issued with new boots, went for a route march to "run" them in. One recruit was missing at the end.

When eventually rounded up and asked where he had been, he replied:

"My boots were tied together, sergeant, so I couldn't get along as fast as the other chaps."

SECURE among the mountains and in an excellent position for harassing tactics, Mihailovitch, the Yugoslav guerrilla chief, has told the enemy that he does not intend to come out and fight him on the plain below. That's flat.

At the end of a lesson in general knowledge, the teacher asked if any member of the class could tell her what he knew about Lord Woolton.

One boy got up. "He's the bloke what tells us to eat less of what we ain't got none of."

"WHEN I call your names, spring smartly to attention and answer: 'Here, corporal!'" instructed the N.C.O.

"Johnson?" A click of heels and "Here, corporal!"

"Fletcher?"

"Here, corporal!"

"That's the idea," approved the corporal.

"Jones?"

A weary "Here!" was the only reply.

"Here what?" snapped the N.C.O.

"Here we are again," sighed the old soldier.

A MAN bought a canary from an animal dealer.

"You're sure this bird can sing?" he said, suspiciously.

"He's a grand singer."

The customer left. A week later he reappeared.

"Say! This bird you sold me is lame! One leg is shorter than the other."

"Well," said the animal dealer, "what do you want—a singer or a dancer?"

THE young man was charged with being drunk and disorderly. After hearing the charge, the magistrate asked his profession.

"My client is a professional footballer," explained the defendant's lawyer, "he plays outside right for his team."

"Oh, does he?" said the magistrate coldly.

"Well, he'll have to change his position, I'm afraid. He'll be right inside for the next fourteen days."



"Well mind you, I don't say it necessarily means in this war, madam..."

THE following story is told by "Peterborough" in his column in the *Daily Telegraph*:

A police inspector noticed a coloured member of the U.S. Army cycling along slowly on the right side of a main road. On being stopped the soldier said: "Say, officah, don't tell me—ah know! I'm on the wrong side."

In a friendly way the inspector explained how the rules of the road here in England differed from those of the U.S.A. "Even in France, Italy, Switzerland and also in Germany," he added, "one cycles on the right side."

"Suh," said the trooper, "when I gets to Germany ah'll cycle on whichever part of the road ah likes best, and nobody's goin' to stop me—no, suh!"

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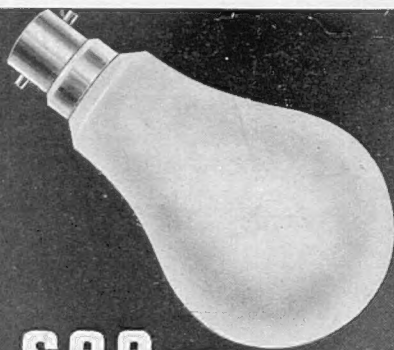
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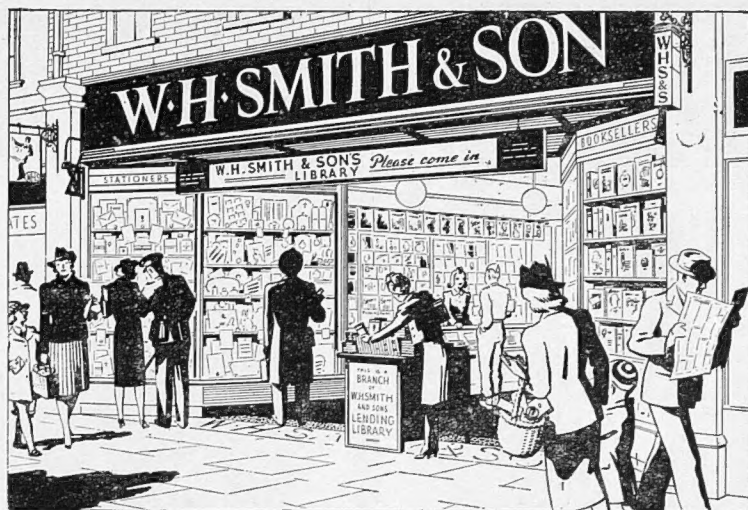


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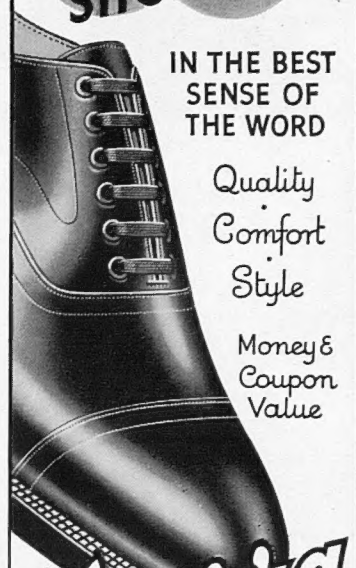
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